

THE
AMUSING HISTORY
OF
TOM THUMB.



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TOM THUMB.

TOM THUMB was born in the reign of King Arthur. He was thus called because he never grew any taller than his father's thumb which was not a very big thumb either.

One day his mother made a



batter pudding, and that he might see how she mixed it, he climbed up to the edge of the bowl, but his foot slipping, he fell over head and ears into the batter. The hot water made Tom struggle ; and his mother seeing the pudding jump about, gave to a poor tinker, who was passing



by, who put it in his pocket and walked off.

As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth he began to bawl lustily, which scared the linker so much that he threw the pudding, Tom and all, over the fence, and ran away.

One windy day, his mother



tied him fast with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that he might not be blown from her. The cow took up the thistle and Tom at a mouthful; but he screamed, and the cow was glad to drop him.

King Arthur sent for Tom to court, where he went riding on a fine mouse. The king gave



him a purse and a silver three-penny piece, which, after much labour, he got on his back, and rode home.

Not long after this, the Queen of the Fairies came to see him in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and made Tom her coachman, who drove her through the air to her palace. She then



made a fair wind to blow, and placing Tom on a fine painted butterfly, sent them away. On descending in the court-yard of the king's palace, he fell plump into a bowl of pea soup, which the cook was carrying for the king's breakfast. One day Tom was ordered to attend the king; as he was passing a bridge, he



was opposed by a large spider: he drew his sword, and fought the whole day, but alas! the poisonous breath of the serpent at last overcame him. The king and his whole court went into mourning for little TomThumb. —He was buried under a rose bush, and a handsome tablet, with an appropriate epitaph, placed over his grave.